JUDGE'S PLATFORM: "STAND PAT. LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

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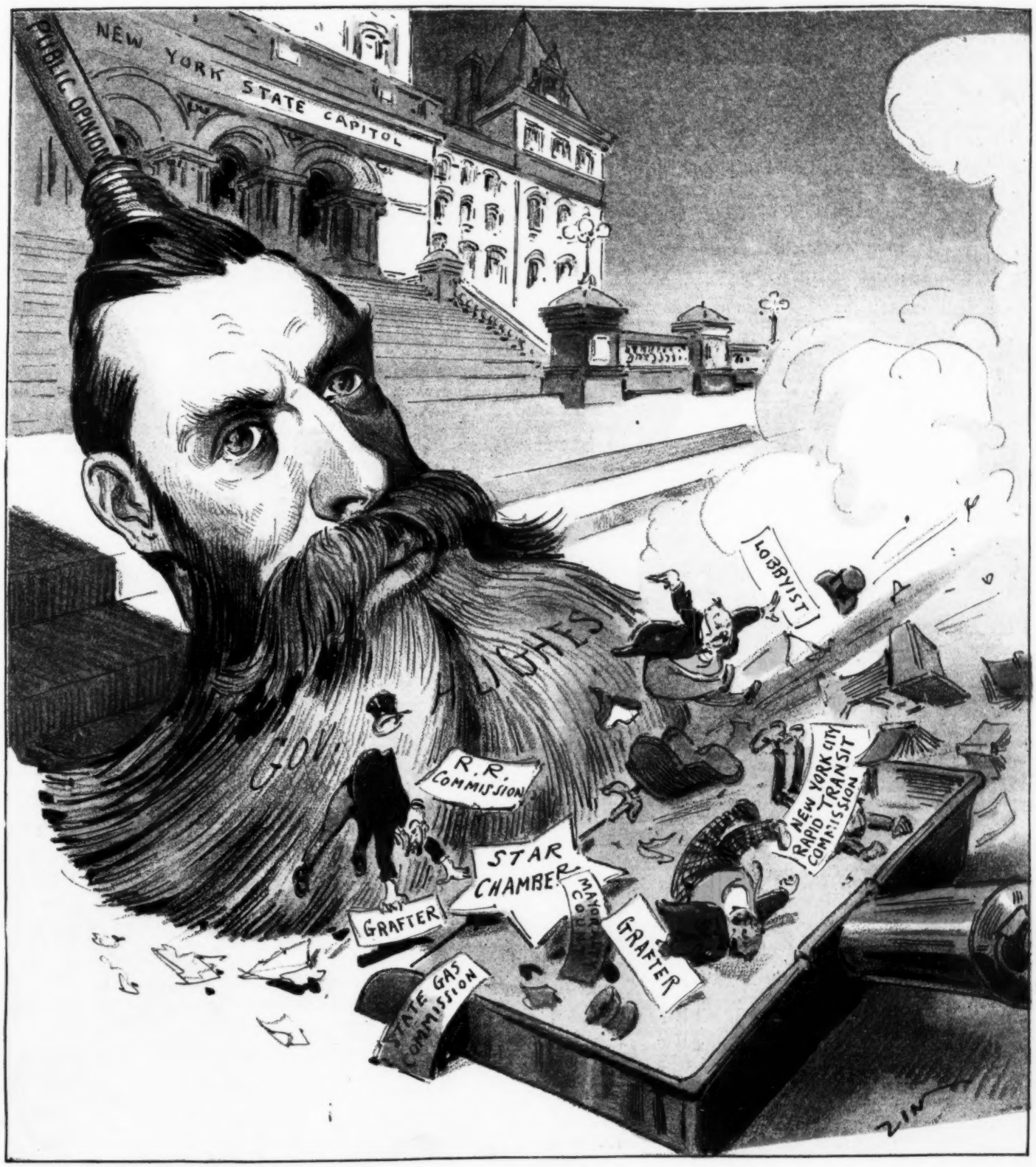

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A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

Judge

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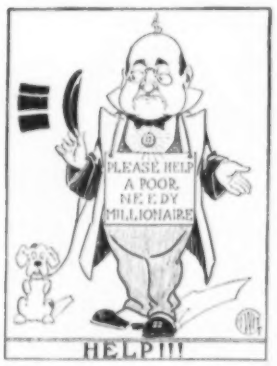
NEW YORK'S MILLIONAIRES IN POVERTY.

A VERY unfair opinion prevails in the country at large as to the men of swollen fortunes. For instance, the statement has gone out that we have in New York upward of 2,000 men whose possessions range all the way from a million to a billion apiece. This sets people to figuring, and when they find how much they could buy and what a stunning show they could make on a few million or a few billion, as the case may be, thousands grow envious and jealous and socialistic. But when we turn from the sensational press and consult purely frappéd and accurate media of information, we find that New York has no rich men to speak of. Nobody will contend that the tax-returns of New York City are impaired by any sensational or exploitatious leanings. Tax-lists are coldly, calmly critical and correct. And what saith the personal-property tax-lists? Why, that there are but five real millionaires in New York—namely, Mr. Carnegie, who has a beggarly $5,000,000, John D. Rockefeller with a pitiful $2,500,000, Mrs. Russell Sage with a scant $2,000,000, and Alice G. and W. K. Vanderbilt with a shrunken $1,000,000. The rest of our so-called millionaires are poor indeed. August Belmont has only $100,000. Poor Mr. Morgan stands a little better, with $400,000; but Mr. Thomas Ryan's small personal savings are negligible. Instead of enormous fortunes, the tax-returns show that our millionaires, though industrious, hard-working men, are poor. Persons who wish to contribute something to assist these deserving people may forward their contributions to us.



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BEING a linguist, President Roosevelt has no doubt enjoyed the New York *Sun's* discussion of the question whether "forever" always means forever.

* * *

INTELLECT'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE NATIONAL WEALTH.

THE RECENT estimate of the country's wealth, which places the total at $107,000,000,000, is all very well as an estimate; but we judge that the actual sum is either much less or much more than the figure stated. There is something suspicious about that $107,000,000,000. We cannot imagine that it would come out that way to the penny. If we were to get to figuring on the country's wealth we feel sure that it would add up more like $107,468,219,167.16. Nobody ever interviewed this present writer on the amount of his wealth. Hence, we infer that this does not show up in the total given. We venture to say that at least a million earnest brain-workers have been similarly skipped in this census. This intellectual million varies greatly from day to day in the totality of its wealth. A Monday census would reveal a negligible thrift—say six cents per—while a Friday count might show millions of floating debt. But if the census-takers happened round on a Saturday they would find the national pocket gorged with a sudden plethora. We would have to know, therefore, on what day of the week the parties were seen whose financial status in the aggregate gives the nation such a proud place in the eyes of the world. Even Mr. Rockefeller, we imagine, has days on which he feels comparatively poor, and other dividend days when, as he himself once said, he feels almost like a millionaire.

THE attempt of the New York Legislature to gag reporters is probably a mere legislative gag.

* * *

AND here is the good old Republican Governor of Pennsylvania beginning to act real Hughes-like.

* * *

AS WE understand it, Mr. Hearst claims that real ownershippers would have been different. More, or less?

* * *

NEW YORK aldermen at $500 apiece! It's a shame! We had never thought of such dignitaries bringing less than $25,000.

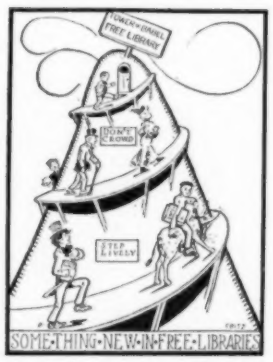
* * *

BY THE WAY, since Brother Hearst paid $257,000 to capture the governorship of New York State, it is perhaps explained why he does not appear in the Gotham personal-tax lists at all. Probably spent all he had; and yet it is not generally supposed that the great Independencer is poor.

* * *

TOWER OF BABEL A CARNEGIE FREE LIBRARY.

WE CONFESS that we do not know where the Tower of Babel was located, whether at Borsippa, Amram, or at some undetermined point in the Jaxartes Valley. We believe, however, that the rich archæological finds of Dr. von Lecoq throw an interesting light on this ancient scene of the first confusion achieved by a simplified spelling board. Dr. Lecoq has discovered a vast literature which, in all probability, fell down from an upper story of the ancient tower. We conclude, without stopping to justify the steps of the argument, that the Tower of Babel was really a sort of an ancient Carnegie Free Library. The library was situate on the top floors of the tower, and was reached by the long-winding, outside roadway of which history tells us. Since books in those days were in the form of bricks, it will be seen that the roadway was necessary in order to cart the books to the library. If our conclusion is correct, some very important truths emerge: First, that the free-library business is not new; second, that it once unsettled people's minds; third, that it brought on the first attempt at simplified spelling which so jarred the language that the confusion of tongues ensued.



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PROPERTY that cannot hide away from the assessors? Why not a single tax on pianos and gramophones?

* * *

AND still the prophets of woe are at it, either to decide who predicted the Jamaica earthquake or who came the nearest to it.

* * *

CONGRESS seems to be edging slowly toward that salary increase, which shows that congress can be heroic if it wants to be.

* * *

IT IS announced that J. P. Morgan has retired. It will be recalled that announcement was made some time ago that the Hon. James J. Hill likewise had retired.

* * *

WHEN the new Shah casually remarks that some people in his kingdom would be better with their heads off, we know just what we would do if we lived in the Shah's kingdom and there was a train starting for foreign parts.

* * *

FOND mother ships gay son on a five-years' trip around the world in order to shield him from the temptations of New York. Good scheme. There are others who would like to escape the temptations of New York on the same terms.

A SUBURBAN CONVENIENCE.

THE GAY COUNT—"Name some of ze suburbs which are so convenient to ze great city of New York."
THE COUNTESS (*American*)—"New York's most convenient suburb, I think, is Dakota."

THE WORLD'S WAY.

"SMILE," they told him; "wear a smile—
The world despises men who frown.
Put off your sad and sober look
And then no power may keep you down."

He gladly took them at their word,
Because he had the wish to win.
He smiled, and presently they talked
About his "idiotic grin." S. E. KISER.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"FRIEND, what's your name?" queried the farmer's wife of the tramp who had asked for a meal.

"De name I wuz christened, lady, or de name I now have?"

"Good lands! have you more than one name?"

"I hev had so many, lady, since me adventuresome career began dat I can't remember dem all. Let's see, now. I wuz christened George Reddingham Smith, an' den dey called me 'Georgie.' When I wuz about ten I got de nickname uv 'Smithy.' Den one day some guy got fresh an' called me 'Fatty,' an' it hung ter me until I could fight a bit. At de age uv twenty-one I wuz addressed as 'Mr. Smith' by some, as 'George' by others, an' as 'Fathead' by a few choice frien's dat wuz bigger'n me."

"And what are you called now?" asked the curious farmer's wife.

"I'm jest comin' ter dat, lady. When I reached de tender age uv thirty-one me cruel an' unnatural parents sent me out inter de cold world alone ter earn me own livin', an' dat's how I drifted inter dis bizness. I got so thin at first workin' at me trade dat me name wuz 'Skinney,' but after a few years dat wuz changed ter 'Weary Willie.' Now de boys call me 'Camel.'"

"Camel? What do they call you that for?"

"I guess, lady, dat it's because I kin go so long widout water."

And then she whistled for the dog, and "Camel" had to get a hump on himself. A. B. LEWIS.

PRODIGALITY.

PA SMITH threw down his newspaper in disgust.

"It's shameful," he exclaimed, "the way these 'ere colleges waste money on furniture! Here's an account of somebody giving Harvard $200,000 for a new chair!"

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MR. JURGINS had been suddenly afflicted with a stiff neck. Not only was it a painful stiffness, but it caused him to twist his head around until he seemed to be trying to look behind him over his left shoulder, and his head was rigid in that pose.

"Of all the confounded trials a man was ever subjected to," he said, "this is the limit. They say to look on the bright side of our afflictions, but I'd like to know how I could make use of this stiff neck."

"My dear friend," said the optimist, "think what a golden opportunity this is to sit for your picture without having to allow the photographer to twist your head around that way and jab those ice-cold tongs into the back of your neck!"

ILLOGICAL

"Teddy, is there no school to-day?"
"Sure! Yer don't suppose jest 'cause I'm playin' hookey dat dey'd close up de school, do yer?"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ETHEL BARRYMORE, THE STAR OF "CAPTAIN JINKS."

In spite of wintry, frosty wiles,
Old Sol looks on the earth and smiles,
And straightway spring draws near, tra-la!
Likewise, when your play comes, we go
And gladly borrow money, so
We can sit in the orchestra.

DIETETICS.

IT WAS at the little junction town of West Liberty, Iowa, at the indecent hour of three a. m., that a traveler who had just arrived entered an alleged restaurant near the railway depot and said,

"Bring me some bacon and eggs."

"Got ye," said the young man behind the manger.

In fifteen or twenty minutes the same young man returned with a plate containing something. The traveler examined it critically, making no motions toward attacking the viands there displayed. Finally he pushed the plate carefully and gently away from him and said,

"Now, son, don't think for a minute I've lost my temper, for I have not done so. Don't think I'm trying to roast you, either, for nothing is further from my thoughts. I simply want to give you some fatherly and much-needed advice. This stuff you have brought me is not edible. Edible, you know, means 'that may be eaten.' This bacon, for instance, is not cooked at all. It is cut, to begin with, half an inch thick, instead of a sixteenth of an inch thin, as it should be cut. Then it has simply undergone a Turkish bath until its pores are nicely opened. It is not cooked at all. That, my son, renders it inedible, which means 'that may not be eaten.' If it had been rendered more it would have been nearer edibility.

"Do not feel for a moment that I am disappointed. I am not. I was not hungry. I never would have come in here if I had been hungry. I have been in here before. When I am hungry and should not eat I sometimes come in here to have my appetite removed, which is always promptly accomplished by one glance at what you bring me when I order something that is elsewhere served in edible form. So I am not disappointed or in any way hurt in my feelings. I remembered that I had at various times ordered almost everything else on your bill-of-fare except bacon and eggs in my previous involuntary visits to your junction. I was curious to know what you would serve under that head in this ironical place. My curiosity has been fully satisfied, and I have had the worth of my money. Here is your quarter. I charge you nothing for my lecture on dietetics. Look that word up. Good-morning, my son, for I think I hear the train from Minneapolis whistling in."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

THE DIFFERENCE.

POOR BOY—"My father writes poetry."
RICH BOY—"Huh! My father writes verse."

NO RESTAURANT FOR HIS.

A CANNIBAL chieftain was starving,
So his poor little sweetheart, he ate her.
He knew he had only one quarter,
And he'd have to give that to the waiter!

A SQUELCHER.

"I GAVE that odious Mrs. Doughpurse something to think of this afternoon," says Mrs. Bankfull to her husband, who was amusing himself by tossing twenty-dollar gold pieces into the artificial lake in the drawing-room for the pleasure of hearing the gold pieces plunk as they sunk.

"Whajja say to her?" asked Mr. Bankfull, rolling himself a cigarette in a hundred-dollar bill.

"She was boasting about the solid-gold radiators they are having put into their new house, and I told her we thought steam heat was so old-fashioned that we were going to heat our house with radium hereafter."

REWARDS.

MAMMA—"Now, Nellie, if you are a good girl, when Aunt Fannie gets married you may carry her train."
SON—"An' if I'm a good boy, kin I carry her engine?"

FREE ART IN CONGRESS.

OH, say! you man in congress
Who takes an active part
In standing for a tariff
On foreign works of art,
Here's betting that your whiskers
With jimsonweed are rife,
And when you eat your victuals
You eat 'em with a knife.
Now, stand pat
On that,
Will you?

A GENTLE HINT.

"YES," smiled the sweet young thing, "when I marry I will lead my husband a dog's life."

Whereupon she took her poodle in her arms and squeezed him almost to death.

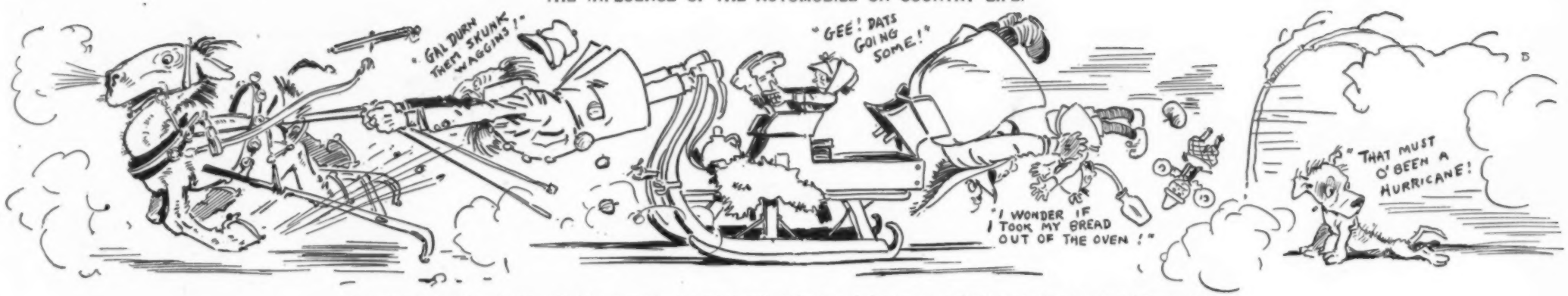
How could the young man help taking the hint and proposing right on the spot?

MONEY will marry any kind of money.

FROM PIE TO HOBO—A STORY OF EVOLUTION.

"——AND IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUTOMOBILE ON COUNTRY LIFE.



1. The auto has brought a wonderful animation—a revival and quickening of the romance of living—to the solitudes of the ruralside.

SOME AUTO EXPLANATIONS.

AN AUTOMOBILE is like a yacht in one respect—the name covers a multitude of descriptions.

Automobiles are of two kinds—runabouts and standabouts. The runabouts are usually in charge of skilled mechanics, and standabouts are in charge of ordinary hams, armed with portable blacksmith shops, which are kept in the lockers. The ham acts as his own bellows.

From the motive standpoint, automobiles may be divided into three more classes: Electrics, Steamers, and Gas-eaters. The gas-eaters are the more numerous, and are known as stink-wagons. They have many diseases, chief among which is diverticulum of the æsophagus.

Fifty per cent. of the country's automobiles are made in Michigan. Besides being the centre of the auto industry, Michigan is the home of Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids. Any one who was ever in Grand Rapids will remember that he wished that he was in Kalamazoo, and when he got to Kalamazoo he wished he was in Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids also makes furniture so natural you can't tell it from wooden ware. It is in 1,254,365,957,234,876 styles, varying all the way from Queen Anne with gambrel roof to Gothic, Barbaric, and down to common ordinary rustic, with frankfurter trimmings. Kalamazoo makes corsets, stoves, pills, owns its own town-pump, and has an insane-asylum.

There are two more kinds of automobiles—chain and chainless. The latter are better because there is just so much less automobile. In popular nomenclature they are known by the following names: Scoot-carts, Buzz-wagons, Chug-chugs, Go-devils, Mud-slingers, Cough-carts, Road-rippers, Wheezy-wheels, Canal-boats, Camel-backs, Racers, Slop-buggies, Kerosene-cabs, Tankers, Bounders and Skidders. They are run by all classes of people, from experienced "shoffers" to pin-heads.

There was once a man who was suddenly cured of the automobile habit. An uncle left him a thousand dollars to buy a cigar-store. Instead, he bought a Dippy-gig, and when the dread disease had claimed him for its own he enthused as few enthuse. In the night he would mutter and rave of strange shapes and things that are made in machine-shops. One day, when near the water, he fell overboard and went to the bottom like an old junk-wagon.

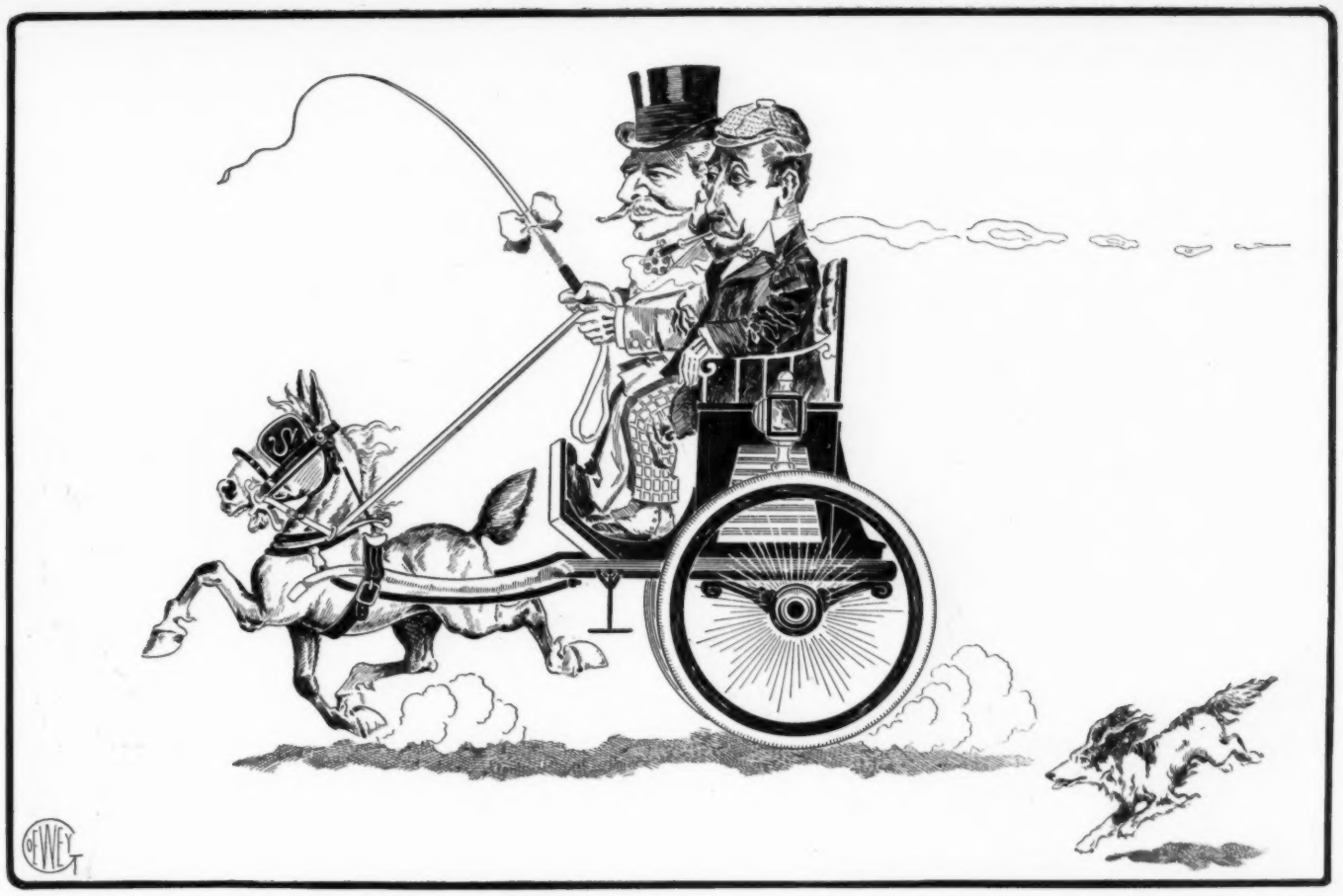
His friends marveled greatly at this, knowing him to be a good swimmer, until they fished him out and found in his pockets fourteen large bolts, two spark-plugs, six spare links, one monkey-wrench, a claw-hammer, an oil-can, piece of an old switch, two dry batteries, a volt-meter, and fourteen feet of rubber-covered wire.

The coroner tried to find a verdict, but couldn't. JACK ROBINSON.

New Yorker (proudly)—"Grand opera has now two homes in New York."

Bostonian (freezingly)—"I suppose it had to have in order to be fashionable."

2. Its merry buzz is heard along highways once somnolent and soporific: and where official authority once dozed in indolence it is now alert and on the job.



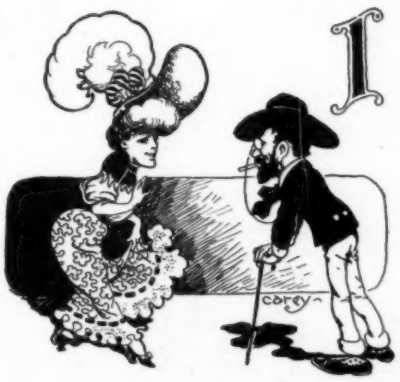
A MOTTO THAT WORKED.

STOCKSON—"One day last week old man Gotrox bought a lot of those 'Do-it-now' signs and hung 'em around the office."

BOND—"How did the staff take it?"

STOCKSON—"Almost unanimously. The cashier skipped with $30,000, the head book-keeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office-boy lit out to become a highwayman and got as far west as Pittsburg before he was caught and disarmed."

"THE GRASS WIDOW."



I FAIL to see," I said to she,
" Your weeds for he who died.
Your vestments for a widow
Seem too gladsome."

She blinked at me, then winked at me,
As coyly she replied,
" I'm not a weedy widow,
But a grass one."

THE EVIDENCE WAS ALL ONE WAY.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," began the lawyer for the defense as he arose to present his side in the assault-and-battery case, "it's not going to take me over thirty minutes to convince you that my client is as innocent of this charge as I am.

"First, gentlemen, I want him to stand up where you can get a good view of him. There, now, size him up carefully, please, as this has a very important bearing on the case. He doesn't look much like a Sunday-school superintendent, does he, gentlemen? No; he's got 'sport' written all over him, and that's just what he is—a sporting man—a man about town, and as good a fellow as you would care to meet.

"And now, gentlemen, to prove to you the innocence of my client. What is the date of this alleged assault? It is January 20th. Where is it alleged to have taken place? In Blankville, New Jersey. What was going on in New York City on the night of January 20th? The French ball was given. Gentlemen of the jury, think this over a moment. Does my client look like a man who would be in Blankville, New Jersey, on the night the French ball is given in New York City? Cast your eyes his way once more, gentlemen, and ask yourself that question. That is all, your honor."

Unanimous verdict of acquittal.

WE are frequently far more selfish than we look.

NO STOPS.

"HEAR about old Gottritch and his new sun-dial?" asked the man with the pink spats.

"No. Did he get a sun-dial for that sunken garden?" asked the man with the red ears.

"Yes; and he had his electrician conceal an arc-light in a balcony above the sun-dial, so it would work at night and on cloudy days."

MEMORY is the only bridegroom of many a sweetheart, and they are so true to this memory.

SUSPICIOUS.

"I think the doctor wants to operate on me."
"What makes you think that?"
"He asked if he could see me apart for a minute."

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E IT MELT!

THE TEDDY-BEAR CRAZE.

PIGGY—"It's only a Teddy bear, ma."
THE BEAR—"If I can only encourage piggy to believe that a few minutes longer here's where I dine."

A CHILD'S ADVICE.

LITTLE Howard, whose age is five years, has an older brother who has recently been admitted to membership in the boy-choir of a fashionable Episcopal church. One day Howard heard his mother taking his father to task because he had never gone to hear his older son sing. Howard had frequently been taken to services by his mother or his grandmother, and he seemed to be rather proud of the fact that among the surpliced boys who marched in at the beginning of the ceremonies and out at the close was Palmer, his "big brother."

One Sunday morning Howard's father, somewhat conscience-stricken, mayhap, said, after getting up from the breakfast-table, "Well, I think I'll go to church to-day and hear Palmer sing."

Howard looked up at him very gravely and said, "I would advise you to go in the afternoon. They don't let the preacher have so much to do, and it's shorter then."

BECOMING FASHIONABLE.

First hobo—"I accerdently discovered dat last month Handout Hank worked fer four hull days fer a farmer, sawin' wood."

Second hobo—"De traitor! Wot defense did he offer as ter why he shouldn't be ostercized?"

First hobo—"He swore he wuz cursed wid a dual personality.'

A MIXED MENU.

MR. MURPHY, ESQ.—"Oi'll make thot dago sarve me Hungarian goulash. Oirish stolle, or know th' rayson whoy."

BRAVADO?

DURING the performance of the den of lions, tigers, hyenas, bears, panthers, and leopards, the audience had sat a-tremble, shuddering lest at any instant the dare-devil tamer might be torn limb from limb. Truly he had gone beyond the farthermost bounds of prudence. Time and again he had thrust his head into the gaping jaws of the ferocious beasts and then reached out and caught the lashing tail and twisted it until the animal roared with pain and rage. But at the conclusion of his act he advanced to the bars of the cage and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow evening, in this cage, I shall perform the crowning act of bravery of my life. I shall take my wife in here with me and shall tell her frankly just what I think about the amount she blows in on hats and dresses, and then I shall refuse to allow her to have a new hat or dress until the ones she now has are worn out."

NOT NECESSARILY.

"I HOPE I don't intrude," said the chronic bore with a simper as he interrupted a business tête-à-tête.

"Not necessarily," said one of the interrupted ones dryly.

"Oh, not necessarily, eh!" exclaimed the bore. "I'm so glad I am not intruding!"

"I didn't say you were not. I said you were intruding 'not necessarily,' which means unnecessarily."

CHURCH of the heavenly rest. Who are the heavenly rest?

THE ALTERNATIVE.

"Do you always leave cards when you call?"
"No; sometimes I leave an umbrella."

OH!

OH, how the moon shines! That's no matter.
Oh, how the hoofs on the hard snow clatter!

Oh, the sleigh-bells, how they jingle!
Oh, the blood, how it does tingle!

Oh, the rapture of a sleigh-ride outing!
Oh, the bright eyes! red lips pouting!

Oh, the dear head on your shoulder!
Oh, what a chump if you don't enfold her!

Oh, the muffs and the soft fur collars!
Owe for the rig about ten dollars! ED MOTT.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"SERGEANT," said the chief of detectives on Sunday morning, "go out and see if you can find a saloon that is violating my closing-order this morning."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, saluting.

"And if you find one come back and report to me privately. I forgot to get my bottle filled yesterday."

WINTER-WEIGHT CLOTHING.

A LAWYER named Kant E. B. Small
Often enters a suit in the fall;
But the very next spring—
'Tis a curious thing—
He can't enter his suit at all!

RICH MAN INSULTED.

Lorenzo Dow, relates the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, on one occasion took the liberty, while preaching, to denounce a rich man in the community, recently deceased. The result was an arrest, a trial for slander and an imprisonment in the county jail.

After Dow got out of limbo he announced that he should preach, at a given time, a sermon about "another rich man." The populace was greatly excited, and a crowded house greeted his appearance.

With great solemnity he opened the Bible and read, "And there was a rich man who died and went to"—— Then, stopping short, and seeming to be suddenly impressed, he continued, "Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relatives in this congregation who will sue me for defamation of character."

The effect was irresistible and he made the impression permanent by taking another text.

A CINCH.

Teacher — "Now, boys, what is the virtue of magnanimity?"

Pupils—"Aw?"

Teacher — "What is it, if a big boy wanted an apple very badly, and were to meet a small boy with one in a place where nobody could take the small boy's part"——

Class (with eager illumination) — "Dat's a cinch!"—*Baltimore American.*

HER MEMORY.

Gayley—"You haven't had occasion to accuse me of playing poker for two years."

Mrs. Gayley—"Three years, my dear."

Gayley—"How do you know it's three years?"

Mrs. Gayley—"Because I've worn this dress that long, and I got it the last time I caught you."—*Catholic Standard.*

Evans' Ale

Makes Strong Men and Robust Women

Not a Medicine—Simply Ale

General Guaranty filed in Washington.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Two barristers of the names of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quarreling before the bench. One day the dispute arose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently,

"You scoundrel! I'll make you behave like a gentleman!"

The other, smarting under the blow as he lay on the ground, energetically replied,

"No, never! I defy you! You cannot do it, sir!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

OVERWORKED.

Ruffon Wratz — "The idee of your claimin' to be overworked, ye durned old hobo!"

Tuffold Knutt — "I am overworked, b'gosh! Fifty times a day I hev to explain how it is that I don't git no employment when the country is jist runnin' over wit' prosperity."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Nothing better for a sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. At druggists'.

CORRECT.

Tess—"Did Mr. Borem ever call on you?"

Jess—"Yes; he called last evening. I was quite delighted when the girl brought up his card."

Tess—"Oh, come now; you weren't really delighted."

Jess — "Certainly. You see, if she hadn't brought up his card I might have gone down to him, thinking it was some one else."—*Philadelphia Press.*

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

ONE COMFORT.

Whatever else I've had to do—
Change flannels once or twice,
Sit down and contemplate a rise
Next year in cost of ice;
Grip, fever, colds and muddy streets—
One thing I'm spared, I know—
As yet this year I have not had
To shovel off much snow!
—*Baltimore Sun.*

MIXED.

Cassidy—"Well, now, iv this paper ain't got these names mixed up I'll ate my hat!"

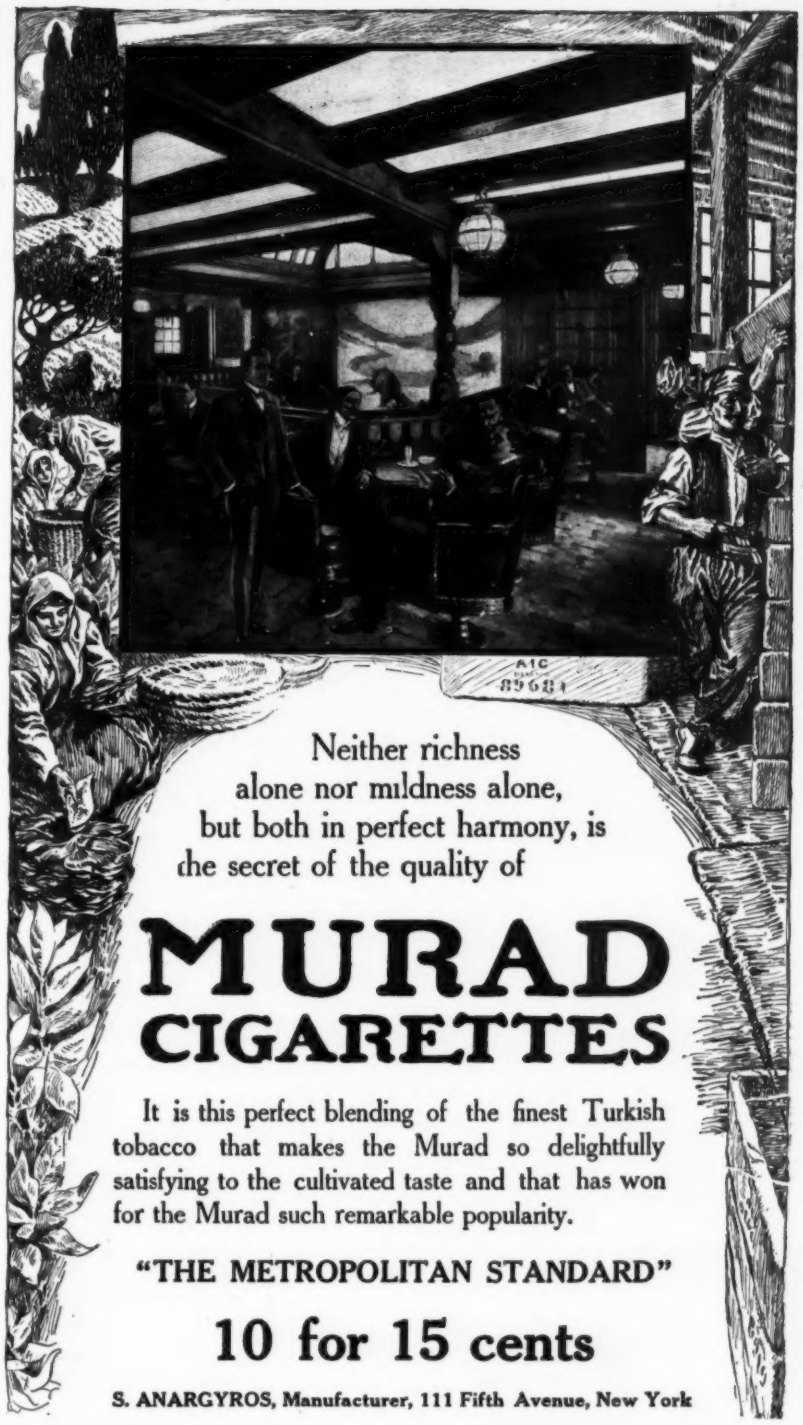
Casey—"What's wrong wid thim?"

Cassidy—"Shure, here it sez, 'Last night Policeman Cæsar Jackson arristed Dinnis O'Hoolahan in th' act av stealin' some chickens.'"—*Exchange.*

CHARITY.

Fen—"Charity begins at home."

Ben—"No, it doesn't; it begins at "c."



Washington had just been hailed as the father of his country.

"Good!" he gasped. "I was afraid they might make me a city father."—*New York Sun.*

A man seems to inherit all sorts of habits except making money.—*Ex.*

Cupid pushes the button; Lucifer does the rest.—*New York Press.*

America's Best Humorous Cartoon Weekly

THE first number of JUDGE was dated October 29th, 1881, and it is a matter of great pride to the publishers that JUDGE, one of the pioneers of cartoon journalism, is to-day more prosperous than at any time since its foundation, and is recognized the world over as the best American humorous weekly.

We earnestly request the co-operation of our friends to make our Easter number the best ever published. It will be an issue that will be kept for many years. We can recommend this number to all advertisers. Copy should be in our hands by March 14th at the latest. We want you represented.

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No woman ought to be so good that it seems to her husband like being married to a prayer-meeting.—*New York Press.*

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A BOSTON COLD.

"Ah," said the doctor, "you've got a bad cold again. Really, you ought to be careful about sitting in draughts."

"I ab. I caught it this tibe by havi'g to sit dext to a Bostod lady at didder."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

For a run-down system take the *Tonic* Abbott's Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'.

ALL PRETTY BAD.

Mrs. Knox—"When they speak of the lower branch of congress, what do they mean?"

Knox—"It's pretty hard to say. Some of the people of the senate are low enough just now."—*Catholic Standard.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c a bottle.

ALL THE SAME TO HIM.

Clerk—"You can't get a room here for that man; he's drunk."

Man (supporting a weary friend)—"That's all right. What of that?"

Clerk—"This is a temperance hotel."

Man—"Well, he's too drunk to know the difference."—*Army and Navy Life.*

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PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

NOT FOR HIM.

Sentimental Sam—"After all, fame is but a bubble."

Plodding Pete—"Den I ain't hankerin' fer no fame. Dat bubble bizness sounds like dey wuz soap connected with it."—*Ex.*

At the exhibition of the California Fruit-Growers' Association, at Chicago, the Sohmer Pianos were chosen in preference to all other makes, thus again showing the high estimation in which these popular instruments are held by the public.

Wilson—

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

AWFUL!

Patience—"I see the severity of the aphis blight has made this year's hop harvest in England unusually disappointing."

Patrice—"I should think it would be. Just think of a young man asking you to go to a hop, and when you got there to learn that the aphis blight had got in ahead of you!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CONVINCING.

"Do you think that your speech will have any effect on the opinions of congress?"

"No," answered the statesman; "but it will help to strengthen the convictions of my constituents that I am a profound and discriminating thinker."—*Washington Star.*

A MEDIUM.

"I don t give money to tramps. What do you do for a living?"

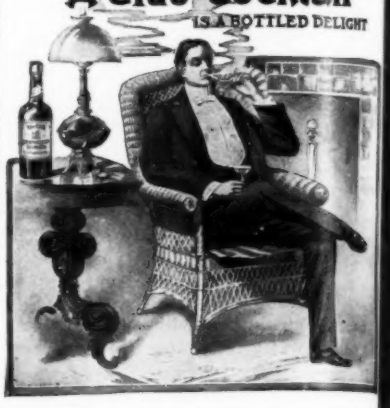
"Please, mum, I work for the Society of Psychical Research."

"Indeed! And what work do you do for the society, pray?"

"I help in the investigation of material spirits."—*Baltimore American.*

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



HONESTLY, did you ever get a bar-mixed cocktail that was ever right to your taste?

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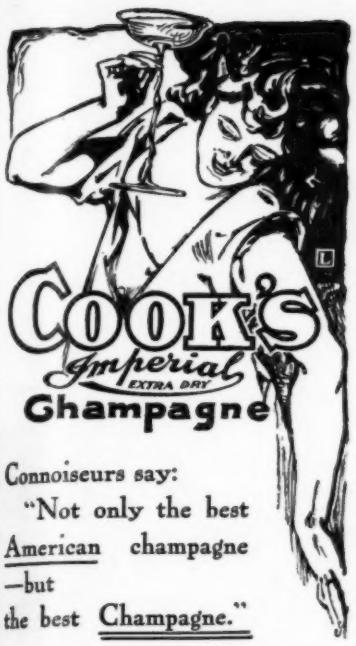

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SOHMER & COMPANY, NEW YORK.
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It seems to make a girl tired to do anything but enjoy herself.—*Ex.*

THE RELIGIOUS PENNY.

At a religious revival in Emporia, Kansas, which closed recently, the attention of the reverend Dr. Munhall, the evangelist, was called to the large number of pennies in the offering. One night the preacher held up a silver dollar and a copper penny and gave a conversation held by the two coins:

"You poor little red cent you; you don't amount to anything. I'd hate to be you," said the big dollar.

"I know I'm not very big," replied the cent, "but the children like me and I can buy a good many things."

"Huh! you can't buy anything at all," said the dollar. "Just look at me; big and bright and shiny. I can buy a whole lot more than you can."

"May be so," said the little red cent meekly, "but I go to church a heap oftener than you do, anyway."—*Ex.*

OR HE MIGHT.

In a village in New Jersey the schoolmistress saw one of the little boys crying. She called him to her and inquired the reason.

"Some of the big boys made me kiss a little girl out in the school-yard," was the reply.

"Why, that is outrageous! Why did you not come right to me?"

"I—I—didn't know that you would let me kiss you," he said.—*Chicago Daily News.*

SHIP NAMES.

Miss Amy A. Bernardy, the well-known writer, was recently having luncheon on the Romanic with Captain Anning and the ship's doctor, Prior, as the boat lay at anchor in the bay of Naples.

"It seems to me," said the captain, "the name of this boat should be changed to the Romantic, from the amount of spooning that has been going on aboard of her this trip."

"Then another boat of the line," observed Miss Bernardy, "should be called the Platonic."

"I would merge your two boats into one large one," said the doctor, "and call it the Idiotic."—*Boston Transcript.*

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But if you drink it for a bluff,
Then imported is good enough.
The wine says the rest.

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—*Exchange.*

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WHEN FATHER HAS THE GRIP.

Poor mother wears a worried look,
And sister wears a frown;
And if I venture up the stairs
They send me straightway down.
I'm going to the drug-store now
Upon a hurried trip,
To get some other kind of dope,
For father has the grip.

I heard him groaning in the night,
He said his head would split;
And then he thought his back would break
In just a little bit.
He told us that his legs were sore,
And soon it was his hip;
It seems that everything is sick
When father has the grip.

The doctor came to-day and left
Some capsules, and he said
To take one each three hours until
The pain had really fled.
Says pa, "That means twelve hours before
I give this pain the slip;
I'll bet he'd find a faster dope
If he had got the grip."

And then he told ma that he thought
That he was going to die;
And ma says no, that isn't so,
And gave the reason why.
Then pa got mad and told her that
He didn't want her lip.
Oh, there's no comfort in our flat
When father has the grip.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

RETURNED EMPTIES.

One of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology, from which go out each week-end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies."

A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station.

"What are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties for the college."
—*Youth's Companion.*

ENVIOUS.

Citiman—"What's the matter with all you Swamphurst fellows? You don't seem to like my friend Backlotz."

Subbubs—"No; he's selfish."

Citiman—"Oh, come now."

Subbubs—"That's what he is. A barn near him caught fire the other night, and he put it out without waiting for the rest of us members of the Swamphurst hose to reach the scene."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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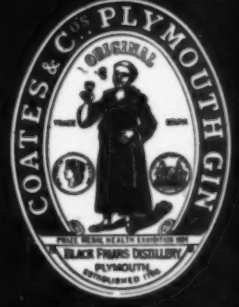

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Young husband—"Don't you think, darling, that my smoke is likely to spoil the curtains?"

Young wife—"You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear. Of course it would."

Young husband—"Well, then, you had better take them down."—*Illustrated Bits.*

MUSSED UP.

Susie Green quite carelessly
Stepped in front of the express.
Oh, my goodness gracious me!
How it mussed her Sunday dress.
—*Catholic Standard.*

TRYING TO AVERAGE THEM UP.

"You look worried," said one gilded youth.

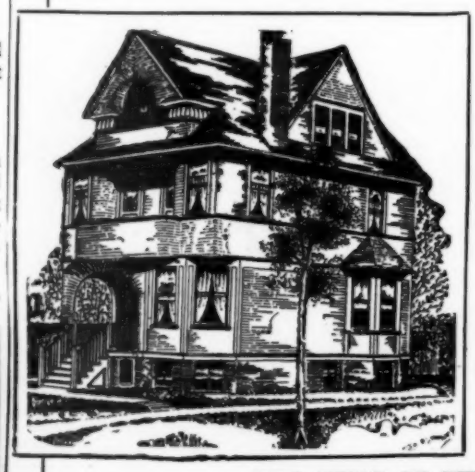
"I am," answered the other. "My father has conceived the idea of trying to cut my allowance down low enough to keep people from saying I have more money than brains."—*Washington Post.*

INEFFICIENCY.

"Why did you dismiss that employé?" asked one railway official.

"He became annoying," answered the other; "he insisted on trying to figure out how much we could save by economizing on wreckages instead of on the pay-roll of signal operators."—*Ex.*

DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?



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OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Sunday-school teacher—"What would happen now if people were struck dead for lying, as they were in ancient times?"

Bright pupil—"There wouldn't be anybody left to bury 'em."

Uncle George—"Tommy, here's a dollar to buy your mamma a birthday present next week. Have you any idea what she would like?"

Small Tommy—"No, but I know what I'm going to buy for her."

Uncle George—"What?"

Small Tommy—"A toy drum."

Little Elsie (in the country)—"Oh, mamma, look at those leghorn chickens!"

Mamma—"Yes, I see them, dear. But how do you know they are leghorns?"

Little Elsie—"Why, don't you see those little horns on their legs?"

Small Edith was visiting in the country for the first time.

"What do you think of our rural scenery, dear?" asked her grandmother.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," replied Edith. "It looks almost as natural as real theatre scenery."

Little Elmer—"Mamma, won't it do just as well if I take a bath Sunday instead of going to church?"

Mamma—"Why, what do you mean, dear?"

Little Elmer—"Well, takin' a bath is the next thing to goin' to church if cleanliness is next to godliness."—*Chicago News.*

Judge

A CHANCE FOR AMATEUR ARTISTS

For many years JUDGE has counted himself fortunate in the number and constancy of his amateur artist friends. Year in and year out this eager and aspiring host has favored us with a multitude of comic drawings. These have, in most cases, been unavailable for publication, and JUDGE has been under the painful necessity of returning them. But correspondence has grown out of these rejections which has not infrequently led to pleasant friendships, and now and then an amateur has developed his talent and ultimately joined JUDGE'S regular staff of contributors.

Now we propose to do something to make amends for these years of apparent hostility to the amateur. JUDGE will for some time to come devote a page to the drawings of amateur artists.

JUDGE herewith invites his amateur friends to send in their drawings. Please read carefully the following rules and try to observe them:

Every drawing must bear upon the back the full name and address of the artist.

Captions or other reading matter forming a part of the drawing must be plainly written underneath the drawing on the same side of the cardboard or paper.

Every drawing must be accompanied with sufficient stamps for its return in case it is not accepted.

Drawings in series cannot be used if there are more than four in the series, and we would prefer not to have them offered in series at all. This rule admits of exceptions, but indicates our preference.

When a series is accepted, the two or more pictures constituting the series must count as one drawing for the purposes of this contest.

Payment for all accepted drawings in this contest will be made on or near the date of their publication in JUDGE.

Every drawing submitted in this contest must be plainly addressed as follows:

JUDGE (Amateur Contest)
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AFTER JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

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50 CENTS

"GOOD-NIGHT!"

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White Plains, N. Y. Columbus, O. 1087 N. Dennison Ave. Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St. Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa. 4246 Fifth Ave. Providence, R. I. Toronto, Ont., Canada. London, England.

PROGRESS IN KANSAS.

A Kansas City man has just succeeded in getting a patent on an electric motor fastened on a cow's back, the electricity being generated by a dynamo attached to her tail. It strains the milk and hangs up the pail and the strainer. A small phonograph accompanies the outfit and yells "So!" when the cow moves. If she kicks, a hinged arm catches the milk-stool and lams her over the back.—*Osawatomie (Kan.) Globe.*

A change of base is sometimes a good thing for a quartette.—*Ex.*

1. NERVY NAT—"Badness gracious meh! what a careless bill-sticker to go off and leave all his bills, and his bucket of breakfast-food, too! I'll take 'em along and have a little bill-stickerfest of my own"——

2. NERVY NAT—"Here is an opportunity, with a capital 'OP.' I know it's against the law to post bills here, therefore 'twill be all the more fun. Of course that can't be my old pal Caduc asleep on duty. No, no; it cannot be! I must be momentarily cock-eyed to imagine this is he."

3. NERVY NAT—"By Jove! that is an awful bumpy wall. Holy Hubers! look who's here! Ah, madame, that is what drinking 'alf-and-'alf does for you. If you had only stuck to denatured alcohol you would not have come to this. I will erect a grand-stand here and make a few nearly-honest centimes"——

4. NERVY NAT—"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen and others! The best show in town—the poster ballet! Sterilized opera-glasses to hire in the lobby. You'll do the management a favor by not purchasing tickets in the gutter. You'll have to hurry if you want to see this, as our engagement is limited to"——

5. NERVY NAT—"Pardon me, friends; but through the sudden indisposition of the ballet I shall have to ask you to disperse quietly. The ushers will see that all the exits are open—and the orchestra will play 'Samson et Délilah.' I beg of you not to crowd unnecessarily"——

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6. SERGENT CADUC—"Sacré omelette au rhum! Zis time you one t'ousan' years get. If not I eat my whole family—yes, no!"

NERVY NAT—"It's a matter of the utmost indifference to me. If you feel that your digestion will stand it, why, go ahead—it's wholly a matter of taste. I prefer spring duckling myself."

NERVY NAT POSTS A BILL.

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